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LONGWOOD:

THE RESIDENCE OF NAPOLEON, ST. HELENA.

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ABOUT a mile and a half beyond the tomb of Napoleon, the road from James Town terminates at a small lodge on the eastern side of the Island. The gate is no sooner flung open, than off springs the unwary traveller's half-starved, jaded-looking Rosinante, at the top of his speed, along the turf, until he as suddenly comes to a dead halt at the little trellis portico at the gable-end of Longwood. Notwithstanding that the suddenness of this transition from crawling along the high road, with the rider's whip, spur, and tongue all at full swing, too often surprises him into measuring his length at the gateway, still his ragged hackney, which has scarcely ever trodden any other path than that between Longwood and James Town, strives, with a spirit worthy of a Venetian race-horse, to be first at the goal. Of our party, one or two were unhorsed at the entrance-gate, others lost their stirrups in the helter-skelter, before they had passed the first cotton-tree, while several of the remainder, from the effects of the full-stop shock at the Portico, made a species of leap frog movement over their horses' ears, exhibiting the interesting ceremony of the *koutou*, which, as my Lord Amherst has explained, consists in performing a series of devotional thumps of the head on the floor, when the owner of the head in question has the distinguished honour of being presented to the Emperor of all the Chinas.

The accompanying drawing, though a faithful representation of the main part, Longwood House, barely conveys an idea of the wretched tenement in which Napoleon passed so many years of his life—our cicerone, the tenant, was apparently well hardened against indignant and strong remarks upon, not only the present pig-stye style of the place, but also upon the selection of so paltry and uncomfortable an abode for Napoleon, as he coolly observed that "it was *once* the second best house in the Island." I remember, on the voyage to India, asking a military friend, who had formerly served many years in the navy, how he had liked the maritime profession; and his pithy reply being, "Why, sir, I would not send my enemy's dog to sea." I very much doubt whether Longwood, at its best estate, would have made anything but an indifferent dog-kennel; as sportsmen, however, are thin upon the ground in St. Helena, it has been converted to the more profitable purpose of a threshing floor.* Enthusiastic folk, like myself, look upon these things as a sad profanation, thinking that such a place

* Longwood, the dwelling of the exiled monarch, is converted to-day into a mill, and into which entrance is to be obtained only on payment of three shillings, to the proprietor. We went over the apartments, little more than mean, even in the time of their splendour. It was here that of old stood the bed of Napoleon, but in its place you now see two horses: it is a stable! *Eheu! gloria mundi*:—*Letter from on board the Astro-abe, Sept. 9, 1840.*

should have been handed down to posterity like the royal apartments in the Kremlin, in the very state they were left by their last noble occupant; but the more unromantic, worldly-minded St. Helenites, apparently consider broken window-frames, fragments of glass scattered over the floors, blistered paint, and damp remnants of what might once have been paper dangling from the inner walls, more typical of the fortunes of him, who for years to come, will still cause thousands to make a pilgrimage to Longwood. The house is much such as would be occupied by one of our third-rate English farmers, and not a jot too good for its present occupant, whose main support appears to be derived from providing his hungry seafaring visitors with a strangely indigestible lunch of stale bread, dry Dutch cheese, and sour beer. I see the man now in my mind's eye, leaning with his back against the winnowing machine, and with a most patronizing air, saying, "Poor Boney, he was a good kind of man enough; he died between those two windows: would you like anything to eat and drink, gentlemen, after your ride?" It is too true, alas! that a winnowing machine occupies one side of the principal room. The dimensions of this room are 22 feet by 15, the entrance to it being through the portico. The camp bedstead in which Napoleon slept at Austerlitz, was placed between the two windows, (which are those nearest the portico in the above sketch,) and at about six o'clock in the evening of the 5th of May, 1821, he breathed his last, in the arms of his faithful followers, Montholon and Bertrand, at the age of 51 years and 9 months. Nineteen years elapsed from that time without anything being heard of these voluntary companions in Napoleon's exile; but within the last few months, fame has again been busy with their names, in connexion with that of their imperial master: the gallant old Montholon is now commencing the 20 years "detention" to which he was sentenced, for being a participator in Louis Napoleon's insane descent upon Boulogne, while Bertrand has returned in triumph with the remains of the duly acknowledged "Emperor," for their final interment in the Hotel des Invalides.

We added our autographs to the thousands with which the windows, the walls, and even the winnowing machine, are scored and scratched; and, turning our horses' heads away from the portico, descended towards New Longwood, unanimously agreeing, that had Napoleon fallen into the power of Russia or Prussia, or into the hands even of his Austrian father-in-law, he could not by any possibility have been watched with more unsparing rigour, or subjected to more harsh and humiliating treatment, than he was while a state-prisoner at St. Helena.

E. T. C.

In a future Number will be given a View and Description of New Longwood, the intended abode of Napoleon.

Lif. Sketch 77-584

COMPUNCTIOUS VISITINGS OF POETS.

POETRY, like music, appeals powerfully to the affections. The golden lyre, struck by the hand of a skillful musician, while it delights the ear with its melody, leads also captive the imagination. The sweet lyre of poesy, too, discourses no less eloquent music; but its charm is rendered far more irresistible to the passions, for to the concord of sweet sounds, it adds thoughts that breathe, and words that burn. Timotheus, by his master touch, could raise a mortal to the skies; St. Cecilia, by her Elysian airs, could draw an angel down;—but when the poetic harp is strung by the sensual and intemperate hand of an Anacreon, nature is scared from her propriety; the modest graces droop their heads and disappear; and virtue stops her ears, and refuses to listen.

It is much to be lamented that a race of writers deducing their descent from the bard of Teos, and inheriting the talents of their great progenitor and exemplar, should have proved so numerous and so abundantly prolific. The effect produced upon the community by their works, has been beyond calculation detrimental; and, wherever their poems have been put forth, and survive in a classical language, the mischief has been the more complete, diffusive, and universal; because they have been for the most part inconsiderately made the hand-books of youth, who, by their passions and inexperience are the more readily led away, not so much at first by the wantonness and licentiousness of their writings, as by the attractions of genius, and the charms of style and literature.

Our own age and country are not destitute of performances of a like nature corruptive and baneful. Little do the writers imagine that the raptures they excite are forbidden; that the associations which they give birth to in the minds of their readers are calculated to oppugn the lessons of divine revelation, to overthrow the foundations of all morality, and to act with fatal efficacy on the peace and the happiness of society.

Not all the glowing beauties of Byron can compensate for the hideous deformities which his evil and malignant genius hath engendered and propagated. Alas! almost do we stifle and suppress our admiration of Childe Harold, in the execrations which the libertine Juan draws from our lips; and how must the heretical Adonais and Queen Mab for ever blight and destroy the poetic laurels of his once unhappy comate and confederate—Percy Bysshe Shelley! Many are there even now among the amatory and licentious poets of the present day, who would give the world to have blotted out from the pages of their fame, many of their productions absolutely worthless in themselves, being of worthless tendency, although decorated and set off by the charms and fascinations of language, poetry, and music; and who, like Cowley, coming a little to account with themselves, lament that they had ever written poems of an idle or

licentious description. So impressed was this poet with the consideration of the mischief he had done, or might thereafter occasion, that he directed by his last will, that in any future edition of his works, such parts as were of an immoral character should be expunged and omitted. When he began to decline in years, and reflection had made him grey, it was a frequent wish expressed by him that poetic geniuses would more employ their talents on divine subjects, and to the honour of God. He used to say that no two things would bring greater glory to the Christian religion than the conversion of the Jews, and the conversion of poetry.

But Cowley was not the only great instance of compunctious feelings arising from the misapplication of great poetical talents. A remarkable instance is supplied by the father of English poetry, who also laboured under much depression of conscience on the same account, and the reader will not, in conclusion, be displeased to read in his own words the revolvings of a naturally pious mind weighed down by its own contrition, enumerating his literary offences one by one, and asking forgiveness.—“Jesus have mercy on me,” says the repentant son of Song, “and forgive me my giltes—and namely of my own translations and enditinges of worldly vanities, the which I revoke in my retractions; as the Boke of Troilus; the Boke also of Fame; the Boke of the Five and Twenty Ladyes; the Boke of the Duchesse; the Boke of Saint Valentine’s Day, of the Parlement of Briddes; the Tales of Cantorbury, thilke that sounen (lead) unto sinne; the Boke of the Lyon, and many an other boke, if they were in my remembrance and many a song and many a lecherous lay. Christ of his grette mercie forgive me the sinne. But,” continues the confessing poet, as though deriving grace and regeneration from this short aspiration, and willing to give testimony of the delight which his soul took in useful and heavenly works,—“but of the translation of Bokes of consolation and other Bokes of Saints and of Omelies, and moralite and devotion, that thanke I oure Lorde Jesu Christ and his blissful moder and all the saints in Heaven: beseeching them that they fro henceforth, unto my lyves end, sende me grace of veray penance, confession, and satisfaction, to doe in this present lif, through the benigne grace of him that is Kinge of Kinges and Preste of all Prests, that bought us with the precious blode of his herte, so that I mote ben of them atte the laste day of dome that shullen be saved.”

Would that of every of our poets it could be thus recorded, as was happily done by Lord Lyttleton of our eminent countryman Thomson, whose life was as unblemished and as inoffensive as his page:—

His chaste Muse employ’d her heaven-taught lyre,
None but the noblest passions to inspire;
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.

W. A.

MORN AND EVEN.

How lovely is the Morning, and how lovely is the Night!
 The last so calm and holy, and the first so clear and bright—
 The one so sweet and tranquil, and so form'd for gentle sleep,
 When the majesty of darkness is magnificent and deep.
 The morning with its freshness, its glory and its might,
 When the earth is overspread with crystal floods of light,
 When the birds sing shrill and blithely, and the dewy grass is sweet,
 And the hearts of careless creatures strong with hope and passion beat.
 Then the smiles of gentlest nature are warm and eloquent,
 And all her myriads are upon toil and pleasure bent;
 And nought that doth exist seems sad, or dark, or dull,
 And the flowers appear to be most pure and beautiful.
 But how exquisitely soft is the more harmonious even,
 When countless lamps adorn the purple vault of heaven,
 And the low faint breeze doth sigh its hapless loves unto
 The violets that are gemm'd with cold and silver dew.
 Then the dreams of love are brightest, and the soul is borne on high,
 To the sound of lutes and harps, and aerial minstrelsy,
 And the sweetest voices ever heard, are whispering words of love,
 And the brightest eyes are sparkling in the firmament above.
 Oh, how beautiful is Even! I love it more than day,
 For I dream the bliss-fraught hours more peacefully away,
 And I rest upon the bosom of th' imaginary one,
 Whose beauty, and whose innocence may be surpass'd by none.
 Oh, how happy! Oh, how happy! for all mortal passion then
 Absorb'd in spirit dissipates.—I am not among men
 But gain Elysium blessed, and mount with angel wings
 To the mighty sound of all my high imaginings!

R. B.

TO THE EARLY VIOLET.

(For the Mirror.)

Sweeter harbinger of wayward Spring!
 On Winter's bosom blossoming:
 The wanderer greets thee on the moor,—
 The peasant by his cottage door,
 At morn and eve looks down to bless
 Thy meek and modest loveliness,—
 The lover deems an eye of blue
 Is mirror'd in thine azure hue—
 A well-known eye!—and standing there
 He softly breathes a soul-felt prayer
 For one,—but sooth! I must not tell
 The secrets thou dost guard so well.
 Sweet violet! one fate is thine,
 Alike, yet different to mine!
 I, too, must live a little day,
 Then fade, like thee, sweet flower, away;
 But thou once more shalt rise and bloom
 When I am in the silent tomb.
 Oh, truant fancy! say not so,
 May man no brighter passage know?
 May man no brighter emblem see
 Of life and immortality,
 In this fair flower's swift decline?
 Then, foolish fancy! why repine?

Sweet haunter of the hidden dell!
 This lesson thou hast taught me well;
 The Christian's hope can never die,
 The Christian's hope is fixed on high,
 Where, far from sorrow, care, and pain—
 His soul shall rise and bloom again!

E. C.—N.

WOMAN.

THE present state of woman, as regards her relative position in society, forms a subject for many melancholy, though pleasing reflections. Her exalted state, in some instances, and her degraded one in others, affords a wide field for mature thought as well as instruction. It is, indeed, a lamentable fact, that she who, in her state of innocence, is the most beautiful and lovely of all God's creatures, and who reminds us in fact of those beings who worship round his throne, should ever be consigned to the base and lost condition in which numbers of her sex now are. Castaways from society, exiles and wanderers on the world's wide stage, breathing an atmosphere tainted with impurities, having no friend to administer comfort to the soul, living in degradation and misery, and dying unpitied and unknown. We will not, however, dwell upon this ever most painful subject, for rather than expose her faults, we would hide them beneath an impenetrable veil, and cover them with the cloak of charity; and instead of writing one word in anger, drop a tear, and breathe a sigh of sorrow.
 Let us then present her to our readers in her brightest colours, in her shade of pristine excellence.

The creation of woman showed, in a remarkable manner, the situation she was to hold in life. God saw that man was without a helpmate, without a companion, and without a sharer of his joy or care; in his goodness, then, and bountiful love, he formed this partner for him, and created woman. In that one being was a concentration of all that was lovely, virtuous, and pure. Whenever we hear the name of woman mentioned, our thoughts instinctively revert to something that enchains the attention, enhances the affection, and calls into action all the softer and more delicate emotions of the human breast.

In prosperity, woman is the dear companion of man's joys; where'er he is, there is her heart also.

Is he gay! her beaming smile adds pleasure to his gaiety.

Is he happy! her love gives increase to his happiness.

Is he serious! oh! then the pensive smile, the aspirations of a heart of virtue, throw a gleam of chaste and hallowed light around him, like the last faint rays of the setting sun, softening, adding calmness, and gliding with beauty the meditations of his soul.

Does he kneel at the shrine of heaven! then are his orisons joined by one of heaven's

own; the prayer of purity and love is lisped from the tongue of innocence, and borne by seraphs to the throne of grace.

But it is in adversity, that the love, constancy, and devotedness of woman pre-eminently manifest themselves, and shine in the dark horizon of man's fortune, the stars of brilliance and unclouded worth.

Does disease rack his frame! then glides her beautiful figure round his bed of sorrow, smoothing the pillow of distress, and breathing in his ears the melodious tones of peace and consolation; no sleep do her eyelids know, nor are her eyes weighed down by slumber; she, like a guardian angel, watches through midnight's dreary hour with intense agony and fervent love, the pallid face of him who to her is life; and in the solitude and silence of her chamber, and by the gloomy light of yonder flickering lamp, bends before the cross of Christ, pouring out in one unceasing torrent the prayers and supplications of her aching and sorrowing heart; while crystal tears, like the dew-drops of heaven, trickle o'er that fair cheek, once matchless as the perfumed rose, but now blanched as the lily.

Is he in prison! no chains, no bars, can keep her love from him; frantic with wretchedness, she breaks through every obstacle; she seeks, she finds him, and carries with her to the dungeon's gloom a bright sunlight and radiance that enlightens all the darkness there. Man deserted by his acquaintance, scoffed at and insulted by his fellow-men, branded with infamy, disgrace, and shame, condemned to linger out his miserable existence in a dismal and horrid cell, yet finds, amid a world of enemies, one dear, one faithful, one only friend.

Regard woman in one other light; viz surrounded by her offspring, and methinks there is no picture so beautiful or enchanting as a mother in the midst of smiling cherubs, the dear pledges of conjugal love, and emblems indeed of innocence. She looks like a sun of worth and virtue surrounded by a galaxy of stars. Their thoughts seem to be her thoughts, and their little desires seldom fail of finding acquiescence in her tender bosom. Her hopes in them are centred, and in the midst of them is her home of happiness.

Such, then, is a faint sketch of the character of woman, faithful, devoted, constant; giving joy to the happiness of man; an angel of comfort, bringing solace to his woes. Through every scene of life her heart is his; in the sunlight of prosperity, or in the howling storm of adversity, she is still the same; following him to the dark and dreary dungeon, watching over him in sickness, and clinging to his grave.

H. P.

TARTEMPION, THE NATIONAL GUARD.

A PARISIEN SKETCH.

[Done in French Chalk, by Cecil P. Standley.]

NICHOLAS, JEAN, BAPTISTE, OSCAR, TARTEMPION, born at Paris in the year of our Lord, 1793, was, early in life, seized with an insatiable thirst for military fame, and, profiting by the Russian campaign, hesitated two young men to represent him on the gory field. Not content with this, in 1814, a third representative was dispatched to win fresh laurels in the name of Tarteempion, and, in 1815, a fourth devotee joined the French army, for the express purpose of completing the wreath of glory, so fast encircling Tarteempion's brow. Had two hundred thousand Frenchmen but followed the example of this warlike man, France would never have had reason to deplore the disastrous day of Waterloo, for in Tarteempion, Napoleon possessed four soldiers, and the observance of his doctrine would have rendered eight hundred thousand warriors available to the emperor's designs.

But notwithstanding this devotion, wicked tongues there were which babbled forth sneers reflecting on the courage of the brave fellow, but he never thought it worth while to contradict the ill-natured remarks of envy—such a hero as Tarteempion, who served at the same time in the 63d Regiment of the Line, in the 5th Cuirassiers, in the 2d Hussars, and in the Artillery! may treat with supreme disdain the idle observations of a contemptible few.

The Battle of Waterloo proved a terrible event for poor Tarteempion: he was thrice killed; and, to heighten his misfortunes, his remaining representative, the artillery man, had both his legs shot off. The events of 1815 alone prevented Napoleon from awarding a cross of honour to Tarteempion, a circumstance which there is every reason to believe the exiled emperor deeply deplored during his sojourn at St. Helena.

When the memorable days of July 1830 led to the re-establishment of the National Guard, Tarteempion was among the first who took arms—for the grand review on the Champ de Mars, in the month of August following. It was with a perfect delirium of joy that this citizen warrior entered a company of voltigeurs; the *plumet jaune* had completely subjugated his eyes, his soul, his every sense. The first time that Tarteempion had the satisfaction of assuming the habiliments of the voltigeurs, and of thrusting his head proudly into a bearskin cap, he felt so happy that he rushed to the Hotel des Invalides, and presented his amputated artillery trunk with a five franc piece.

To give an idea of his fervent zeal, it will be only necessary to state, that in the same year [1830] Tarteempion, who had seen eight and forty springs, wished to pay his tribute to nature and to society by giving his name to a young person ornamented with orange blos-

soms. On the day of his wedding, Tartempion received a billet from the guard house. You will perhaps imagine that he thrust his serjeant-major's communication aside. Not so. He read it with interest, and proceeded, in his costume of voltigeur of the National guard, to be married. The ceremony over, the newly-wedded pair hastened to the Hotel de Marengo, to partake of a sumptuous feast provided by Tartempion for himself and friends. On a sudden, in the midst of festivities, the clock chimes four. Tartempion, who, until the present moment, had been busied with the delicacies of the table, rose in despair. The fatal tinkling of the clock produced as much effect upon him as the magic words which formerly startled Belshazzar, and the National guard cried out, "Mon dieu! mon dieu! I shall never arrive in time—my post, my post!" and this Frenchman, more heroic than an ancient Roman, quitted his young wife, and an old bottle of Bordeaux, to mount guard at the Hotel de Ville.

REMINISCENCES OF STERNE.

[Concluded from page 56.]

THOSE who attentively peruse Mr. Sterne's Sermons, and dwell on the admirable reflections, deep moral thoughts, and humane sentiments scattered throughout, and so forcibly and elegantly expressed, will scarcely agree with this pleasant bit, or effusion of sportive wit:—

"They are very short in general, and gave rise, some years ago, to a good joke at Bull's Library at Bath. A footman coming into the shop to ask for one of Smallridge's Sermons for his Lady, by mistake asked for a *small religious* Sermon. The bookseller being puzzled how to comply with his demand, a gentleman replied, 'Give him one of Sterne's.'"

If he had never written one line more than his picture of the mournful cottage, towards the conclusion of the fifth Sermon, we can cheerfully indulge the devout hope, that the recording angel, whom he once invoked, will have blotted out many of his imperfections. When he solicited subscriptions for his Sermons, the splendid list of the subscribers (amounting to 697) sufficiently shews how the public were captivated by the flashes of genius which this "master of the human heart" (a term he himself, in one of his Sermons, applies to Shakespeare) so profusely scattered through the first volumes of his Tristram Shandy, one of which contained the Sermon on Conscience. Had his Story of Le Fevre then appeared, probably the list of subscribers would have been treble. One sees among these subscribers some of the most eminent of our nobility and men of genius, and some of our most distinguished clergy, and many ladies of high rank. I will merely mention a very few:—

Duke of Ancaster.
Earl of Ashburnham.
Lord Bathurst.
Mr. John Board.
Duke and Duchess of Bidgewater.
Charles Burney.
Lord Chesterfield.
J. G. Cooper, Author of the Life of Socrates, and the Tomb of Shakespeare.
Duke and Duchess of Devonshire.
Rev. Dr. Douglas.
Countess of Dalkeith.
Lady Egerton, and four more of that family.
Earl Falconberg.
Mr. Fawkes.
Mr. Garrick.
Bishop of Gloucester.
Lady Herbert.
Hon. Mr. Herbert.
Hon. Robert Herbert.
Dr. Hardhinge.
Mrs. Hardhinge, 2 Sets.
Mr. Harthar.
Thomas Hollis, Esq.
Duke of Kingston.
George Kente, Esq.
John Lee, Esq., who so often pleaded before Lord Mansfield.
Bishop of Lichfield.
Lord Lyttelton.
Edward Lascelles, Esq.
Daniel Lascelles, Esq.
Major Lascelles.
Rev. Robert Lascelles.
Mr. Mason.
Mrs. Montague.
Corbin Morris, Esq.
Sir W. and Lady Maynard.
Lord George. Manners.
Hon. John Manners.
Lord Milton, 4 Sets.
Mrs. Meynell.
Miss Meynell.
Hugo Meynell.
Bishop of Norwich.
Rev. Mr. Nelson, Lord Nelson's father.
John Odey, Esq.
Duke and Duchess of Portland.
Bishop of Peterborough.
Dean of Peterborough.
John Rich, Esq.
Mr. Reynolds, Leicesterfield. In an earlier list of subscribers it is thus set down:—"Mr. Reynolds, painter."
Marquis & Marchioness of R. ekingham.
Sir George Saville.
Dean of Salisbury.
Earl of Scarborough.
Earl & Countess Temple.
Charles Townsend, Esq.
Dr. Warren.
Nath. Webb.
Lady Mary Weymouth.
Lord & Lady Weymouth.
Lady Ctr. Weymouth.
Lady Har. Weymouth.
Mr. Whitehead.

Of Mr. Sterne's kind heart, we have abundant proof. La Fleur tells us:—"At many of our stages, my master has turned to me with tears. 'These poor people oppress me, La Fleur; how shall I relieve me?'" Sir W. Scott observes "We will not readily believe that the parent of Uncle Toby could be a harsh, or habitually a bad-humoured man. Sterne's letters to his friends, and especially to his daughter, breathe all the fondness of affection; and his resources, such as they were, seem to have been always at the command of those whom he loved." His biographer, in the Dublin University Magazine, says:—"In money matters he was not only liberal, but anxious and self-denying; in expressions of attachment, strong invitations, and all that language or ostensible arts can indicate, there is at least, nothing to warrant any construction of unkindness." Each letter to his daughter breathes the tenderness affection. In one to her, dated May 15th, he says, "If your mother's rheumatism continues, and she chooses to go to Bagnieres, tell her not to be stopped for want of money, for my purse shall be as open as my heart." In another letter, dated April 9th (about a year preceding his death), he says:—"I am unhappy—thy mother and thyself at a distance from me, and what can compensate for such destitution?—for God's sake, persuade her to come and fix in England, for life is too short to waste in separation; and whilst she lives in one country and I in another, many will think it is from choice;

besides, I want thee near me, thou child and darling of my heart."

In his letter to her from Naples, Feb. 3, he says:—"If your mother's health will permit her to return with me to England, your summers I will render as agreeable as I can at Coxwold." A letter to a friend, dated Coxwold, Dec. 7, 1767 (about three months before his death), breathing the most tender affection to his daughter, whose fine mind he displays in the highest light, after alluding to his having been offered a living of 350*l.* a year in Surrey, and retaining Coxwold and his prebendaryship, he says:—"I have great offers too in Ireland; the Bishops of C— and R— are both my friends, but I have rejected every proposal, unless Mrs. Sterne and my Lydia could accompany me thither. Mrs. Sterne's health is insupportable in England; she must return to France, and justice and humanity forbid me to oppose it. I will allow her enough to live comfortably, until she can rejoin me." His attentive remittances of money to her may be further seen in the letters of September 29, October 7, 1765, and February 8, 1766.*

His wife and daughter being at York during the races, a subscription was opened in their favour by the princely bounty of the Marquis of Rockingham, amounting to near 2000*l.* One may judge of the pleasant and brilliant life he led at Paris by his 17th letter, in Mrs. Medalle's first volume, and of the high acquaintances he there formed, and his accompanying Mr. Fox and Mr. Macartney, and in which he acknowledges his great obligations to Mr. Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham. The most distinguished characters paid him every mark of admiration and respect.

About 1769, Mr. Henderson formed part of a society called the Shandean Society, who met in Maiden-lane once a week, chiefly to recite, and to dwell on the pleasantries and pathos of Sterne. He frequently produced one of his volumes, and entered fully into the spirit of the author. The effect his voice and feeling gave to the story of *Le Fevre*, won the admiration of every hearer. It was proposed to devote a day to the memory of the author, and speaking over his grave a requiem to his departed spirit. An Ode was written, and the energy and pathetic feeling which was displayed in the speaking gave it a most powerful effect. It thus concludes:—

For me, I own, with grateful transport mov'd,
I love his memory as the man I lov'd,
Dearest to my eye, but dearer to my heart;
Ne'er felt my soul more agonizing smart,
Than when that spirit from its bondage fled,
And gave a second Yorick to the dead.

In the London Mechanic's Institution, II. Brown, Esq., the librarian, about twelve

* "The husband," said Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burned over his head."—"If you think so," said Garrick, "I hope your house is insured." We must acquit Mr. Garrick of any unkindness in launching forth this bit of sportive railery.

months ago, delivered two lectures "On the Writings and Genius of Sterne."

I select the following testimonies to his memory, out of others to which his death gave rise:—

By a Lady.

Sterne, rest for ever, and no longer fear
The critic's censure or the coxcomb's sneer.
The gate of envy now is clos'd on thee,
And fame her hundred doors shall open free;
Ages unborn shall celebrate the page,
Where friendly join the satirist and sage;
O'er Yorick's tomb the brightest eyes shall weep,
And British genius mournful vigils keep;
Then, sighing, say, to vindicate thy fame,
"Great were his faults, but glorious was his flame."

Mr. Garrick's beautiful epitaph is:—

"Shall pride a heap of sculptur'd marble raise,
Some worthless, unnumber'd, titled fool, to praise;
And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn,
Where genius, wit, and humour, sleep with Sterne."

Vicesimus Knox says:—"There are exquisite touches of the pathetic interspersed throughout all his works. His pathetic stories are greatly admired. The pathetic was the chief excellence of his writings."

George Chalmers, Esq., wrote "The Author of Junius ascertained," evincing that Boyd wrote Junius. He observes, that Sterne's grave remained long undistinguished by any memorial: a circumstance which touched the sensibility of Boyd, and induced him to produce the subjoined stanzas:—

And is no friendly mourner near,
The last sad office to assume,
O'er his cold grave to drop a tear,
Or "pluck the nettle from his tomb?"
Forgive me, Sterne, if from thy line
The sympathetic hint I drew;
The feeling heart must copy thine;
The tender mourner think like you!

His death was announced in the newspapers of March 22d, 1768, by the following paragraph:—

"DIED at his lodgings in Bond Street, the Rev. Mr. Sterne."

Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him well; a fellow of infinite jest, most excellent fancy, &c.

Wit, humour, genius, hadst thou, all agree!
One grain of wisdom had been worth the three.

To the Author of the above Lines, on the Death of Mr. YORICK.

So!—this is wisdom—to insult the dead;
Heap fancied crimes upon a mortal's head!
Well!—be it so!—such wisdom, and such art,
Shall never—never shall approach my heart.
Whatever Yorick's lot, in whatever state,
I'd gladly risk it in the hour of fate,
Sooner than join with thee—I would say rather
Unto corruption—thou shalt be my father.
Be thine the avenging angel's lot, decreed
To point each fault, and aggravate each deed:
Angel of mercy!—thy sweet task be mine
To blot them, ere they reach the throne divine!

Yorick, farewell! Peace dwell around thy stone;
Accept this tribute from a friend unknown.
In human breasts, while pity has a claim,
Thy *Le Fevre's* story shall enhance thy fame;
Toby's benevolence each heart expand,
And faithful Trim confess a master's hand.
One generous tear unto the Monk you gave;
Oh, let me weed this nettle from thy grave!

S. F.

Manners and Customs.

GIFTS TO THE IDOL YEGGATA, FROM THE
HONOURABLE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

THE annual ceremony of this presentation of gifts takes place in December. The image of the idol, which is of yellow metal (the natives say of gold), was, on the last occasion, attired in a dress of variegated silk, almost concealed beneath strings of flowers, which are sold in the crowd to be presented. Yeggata was seated on a sort of throne, with a lofty back, in the form of a horse-shoe, painted and decorated with tinsel. During two hours it remained beneath a pandal, erected for the purpose on the esplanade. After this, the idol was carried to the avenue of the north gate of the port, to be further decked for its visit.

The Hon. Company's presents, consisting of a scarf of crimson silk, a "thalee" or ornament for the neck, apparently of gold, and attached to a yellow string; and another scarf of scarlet woollen cloth, exactly resembling that of which soldiers' jackets are made, were borne several times round the idol stage, with wreaths of flowers, broken cocoa-nuts, &c. A peon, the white metal plate of whose belt bore the inscription, "Collector of Madras," led on this procession, clearing the way with his cane, and a number of men followed with long trumpets, which they pointed towards the idol and sounded. There were several of these peons on the spot, each having "Collector of Madras" inscribed on the plate of his belt; and when the presents were brought on a brass dish, one of them held it at arms'-length over his head, as if to display them to the idol and to the spectators. Another of these peons held up in the same way a dish of cocoa-nuts broken, as is usual in offerings.

More flowers were now placed on the idol, and the officiating native proceeded to array it in the silken scarf just presented, having first dipped one corner in a chetty of yellow water. He then fastened on its neck the "thalee," which, with its yellow string, always holds the place of the ring in native marriages here, and certainly is emblematical of the closest union between the Hon. Company and the idol. The man on the stage then seizing a mass of kneaded yellow powder, stuck it on the hand of the goddess, and dashed over it a deep-red pigment. Some powder from a paper was next sprinkled over the image, and a pan of burning incense was held before it. On this a murmur of approbation ran through the crowd.

A "Collector of Madras" peon now drew to himself the scarlet cloth scarf, and put it on a native whose head was encircled by a garland of flowers, and who immediately ascended the stage and seated himself near the idol; this was the signal for moving it down the avenue to the gate of the fort.

Many natives were to be seen gazing in-

teply on the idol, and joining their hands in the attitude of adoration; frequently in a procession of this kind a mother will join the tiny hands of her infant, which she carries on her side, directing them towards the idol.

It might be interesting to trace to its origin, the strange and truly idolatrous practice of the annual present made by the English to Yeggata; did we listen to the natives themselves, we should have many solutions: one heard the other day from a respectable native, as the opinion of many of his countrymen, and which was repeated by several persons to-day in the crowd near the image was, that when Madras was besieged by the French, Yeggata relieved the English by turning salt water into fresh, for their use, and that for this they now honour her.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.

[From Lyly's "Alexander and Campaspe."]

DIOG. Who calleth!

ALEX. Alexander: how happened it that you would not come out of your tub to my palace?

D. Because it was as far from my tub to your palace as from your palace to my tub.

A. Why, then dost thou owe no reverence to kings?

D. No.

A. Why so?

D. Because they be no gods.

A. They be gods of the earth.

D. Yea, gods of the earth.

A. Plato is not of thy mind.

D. I am glad of it.

A. Why?

D. Because I would have none of Diogenes' mind but Diogenes.

A. If Alexander have anything that can please Diogenes, let me know—and take it.

D. Then take not from me that you cannot give me, the light of the world.

A. What dost thou want?

D. Nothing that you have.

A. I have the world at command.

D. And I in contempt.

A. Thou shalt live no longer than I will.

D. But I shall die whether you will or no.

A. How should one learn to be content?

D. Unlearn to covet.

A. (To Hephæstion.) Hephæstion, were I not Alexander, I would wish to be Diogenes.

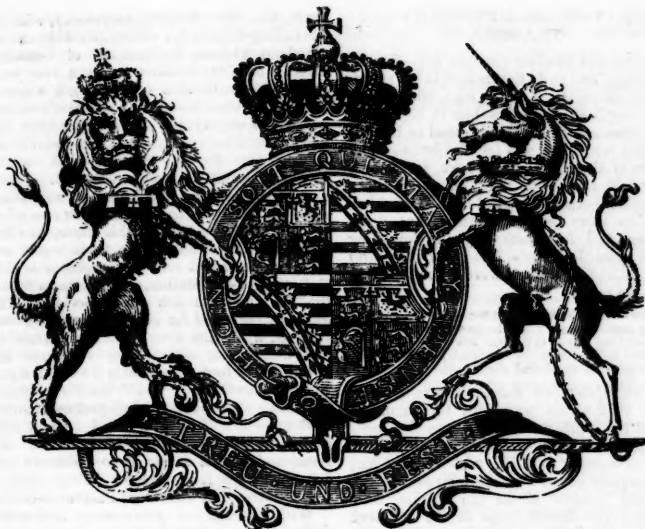
H. He is dogged, but discreet; I cannot tell how sharp, with a kind of sweetness, full of wit, yet too—too wayward.

A. Diogenes, when I come this way again, I will both see thee and confer with thee.

D. Do.

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ARMORIAL BEARINGS
OF FIELD MARSHAL HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT,
&c. &c. &c.

ARMS quarterly: first and fourth the arms of England. Gules three lions passant guardant, in pale or. Second, or, a lion rampant, within a double tressure, flory counterflory gules, for Scotland. Third, azure, a harp or, stringed argent, for Ireland: over all a label, of three points, argent, charged in the centre point with the cross of St. George.

Second quarter: Barry, or and sable: over all a ducal coronet in bend vert.

The whole encircled with the garter, and surmounted with the Crown of Saxony.

Supporters, on the dexter side, a lion guardant, or, crowned; on the sinister an unicorn argent, armed, maned and hooved, or; gorged with a coronet composed of crosses patté and fleur de lis or, and chained of the last: the supporters being each charged with a label, as in the arms.—Motto: "True und Fest."

THE USE OF ARMS.

THE occasion of the assumption of arms was undoubtedly that order which their use produced; the consequences of confusion being generally rule and order, men's sufferings naturally teaching them to avoid all inconveniences by which they have suffered. Thus originated national ensigns for the better regulation of armies; also all manner of personal distinctions, that the shield, helmet, back and breast-plates, and the surcoats worn over them, have had ornamental figures engraved or painted upon them; likewise upon colours and standards in war, to distinguish chiefs and commanders, being devices on shields, &c., to point out their persons to those under their command, and to distinguish themselves one from another; which, without some such marks, could not have been effected, their persons being obscured by the armours they wore. It is observable that the ancients, for the most part, made choice of lions, tigers, dragons, and horrible chimeras; or of animals, as serpents, foxes, owls, and such figures

as might represent sagacity, cunning, or stratagem, according to their various dispositions; thereby meaning to menace and terrify their enemies, by setting forth their magnanimous and politic qualities. It is certain that every like adheres to its like; therefore in cases of this nature, mankind is naturally delighted with things or animals like themselves, or whose predominant dispositions or qualities accord with their own; and from these the alluding qualities and intent of those ancient assumptions have been frequently termed hieroglyphics. Ferne says, "The first sovereign that ever gave coats of arms to his soldiers was King Alexander the Great, who, after the manner of his ancestors, desirous to exalt by some special means of honor his stoutest captains and soldiers above the rest, to provoke them to encounter their enemies with manly courage, and by the advice of Aristotle, he gives unto the most valiant of his armies certain signs or emblems, to be painted upon their armours, banners, and pennons, as tokens for their service in his wars."

MIGRATION OF METROPOLITAN TRADERS.

"NATIONS and empires rise and fall—flourish and decay," and so do the traders in the streets of the Metropolis. Let any man, whose years and strength of head allow him to look back, and to remember how things stood in London even fifty years ago, and let him but consider the face of the city in those days, and how it is now. But we will take the reader to an antecedent period, about 1440. The Mercers then were few in number, but great dealers; and it appears by the following extract from Lydgate's *London Lackpenny* [circa, 1450,] that they were to be found in Cheapside:—

"Then to the Chepe I began me drawne,
Where much people I saw for to stande;
One offered me velvet, sylke, and lawne,
An other he taketh me by the hande,
'Here is Parys thred, and finest in the land,'"

But Paternoster-row was the centre of their trade; that street was built for them, or at least the south-west end, where they congregated with lacemen, haberdashers,* &c.; and a newspaper in 1707 adds to this list, "the sempstresses of Paternoster-row."† The Lace-men hovered about the middle, near Ivy-lane; the Button-shops at the end next Cheapside, and the Cruel-shops, Silk-men, and Fringe-shops, near at hand in Blow-bladder-street.‡ They held it in this manner about twenty years after the Fire, and not

* The haberdashers (hurriers or cappers of old time so called,) were originally a branch of the Mercers. Haberdashers of small wares, such as ribbands, laces, &c., were called Milliners, (milliners,) an appellation derived from their dealing in merchandise, chiefly imported from Milan, in Italy, such as brooches, aglets, spurs, capes, glasses, &c. Amongst other wares also which constituted a part of the haberdashery of the period, were pins, before the introduction of which, the English ladies are stated to have used points or skewers made of thorus, to fasten their garments with: but long before the decease of Elizabeth, they were manufactured in great numbers in England. In the reign of Henry VI., [1422–1461,] there were not more than a dozen haberdashers' shops in the whole city. How much they must have increased during the reign of Elizabeth, may be inferred from the complaints made against them, that their shops made so "gay an appearance as to seduce persons to extravagant expenditures." The business of the haberdasher was not, however, confined to the lighter articles of a lady's wardrobe, but extended to the sale of daggers, swords, knives, spurs, glasses, dials, tables, balls, cards, puppets, inkhorns, tooth-picks, fine earthen pots, salt-cellars, spoons, tin-dishes, and even mouse-traps, bird-cages, shoeing-horns, lanterns, and jews'-trumps, "contributed to that gay appearance" which the haberdashers' shops are said to have made in the reign of our maiden Queen: what would they say to our present gorgeous haberdashers' shops?

† The modern book-sellers did not begin to settle generally in Paternoster-row, till after their desertion of Little Britain, in the reign of Anne. One instance, however, of a bookseller living there occurs much earlier, namely, in 1564, when Henry Denham lived at the Star, in Paternoster-row, with the Latin motto—
"Oe homini sublime dedit."

‡ A short street between Cheapside (by the Conduit,) E., and Newgate-street end W. This street was so called, says Stowe, from its being a place where bladders were sold.

more, but their numbers increasing, with the prevailing fashion for dress, the Mercers set up about Aldgate, the east end of Lombard-street and Covent-Garden: in a few years more, Covent-Garden began to get a name; Tavistock-street became the centre of trade for persons of quality, the street being large and commodious for coaches; so the Court came no more into the City to buy clothes: on the contrary, the citizens ran to the west. Paternoster-row began to be deserted and abandoned of its trade, and in less than two years the Mercers also forsook this place, and followed the trade, seeing the trade would not follow them, as at sea, if the shoals of fish shift their usual station, the fishermen follow the fish, not the fish the fishermen. The Mercers remained for some years in Covent-Garden, while the Stay-makers swarmed in Holywell street, where they remained till within these few years—only two old signs, "the Indian Queen," and "the Half-Moon," remaining, the proprietors being corset-makers. Still some few Mercers located within Aldgate, and at the corners of Lombard and Fenchurch-street, as far as to Clements-lane end, and in this lane were the Button-makers, who followed, likewise, from Paternoster-row.

Within about ten years more, the trade shifted again; Covent-Garden began to decline, and the Silk-mercers, Haberdashers, &c., increasing prodigiously, went back into the City; there, like bees unhived, they hovered about awhile, not knowing where to fix; but at last, as if they would come back to the old hive in Paternoster-row, but could not be admitted, the swarm settled on Ludgate-hill, here they spread themselves within Ludgate,§ as well as without, and took up both sides of the way from the Fleet ditch almost to St. Paul's, except such houses as could not be had; they were also to be found in Round-court, St. Martin's-le-Grand; Fenchurch-street; and Hound's-ditch. In 1663, the number of Mercers in London was between fifty and sixty; since which period how rapidly they have increased, it is needless to mention.

The north side of Cheapside seemed some years since, to be one great row of wholesale Drapers' shops: as the west end of the town increased, they migrated, in consequence, to the Strand, and some to White-hart-yard, Strand.

Church-court, St. Martin's-lane, (now entirely removed,) was, before the Strand was paved, the haunt of eminent Gold and Silver-smiths.

Perhaps there is no trade that has so steadily swarmed together for so very many years, as the Coachmakers in Long-Acre, and Great and Little Queen-streets; these streets, shortly after the introduction of coaches in England, became the great marts for carriages, and they have remained so to the present hour.

§ Taken down.

It is well known that *Caxton*, the first printer, commenced his art within the sanctuary of the Abbots of Westminster; from whence he opened a shop,* at the Sun, in Floto-street, for the sale of his works; and in this street also the following early printers and booksellers resided:—*Wynkyn de Worde*, (Caxton's successor).—*Robert Copland*, at the Rose Garland, 1515.—*John Butler*, at the St. John the Evangelist, in 1529.—*Thomas Barthelet*, at the Lucretia Romana.—*John Bedel*, at Our Lady of Pity, 1531.—*John Wayland*, at the Blue Garland, 1541.—*Lawrence Andrew*, at the Golden Cross.—*Richard Pinson*, at the George: he was succeeded by *William Middleton*, also at the George, 1541.—*Thomas Godfrey*, 1510.—*Richard Totell*, at the Hand and Starre, 1577.—*John Helme*, 1608.—*Richard Moore*, 1608.—*John Smethwicke*, under the dial, 1611.—*L. Oke*, 1615.—*John Busby*, 1615.—*Abel Roper*, at the Sun, 1646.—*Samuel Speed*, 1660. From Fleet-street, they principally located in Little Britain and Paternoster-row; but, the former place was not destined long to remain classic ground, and the enlighteners of the world were found centered in "The Row," where we leave them,—*Eato perpetua*. 2.

(This subject to be continued at a future opportunity.)

BANKS OF THE RIVER EUPHRATES.

[GORGEOUS and elevating are the associations connected with this "great river—the river Euphrates!" When the world was, as it were, "in *cunabulis*," it was one of the four grand streams, upon whose banks sparkled the bowers of the yet young and lovely Eden. At a later date, Nimrod and his strong Cuthites stood on its shores, when by violence they drove out the sons of Assur, and gat them an inheritance with their sword. Then rose domes of splendour and palaces of pomp, and the Assyrian monarchy ruled gloriously on its borders, till Cyrus threw its old magnificence into more than "fear and trembling." There, too, David encamped with his lion-banners and captains of Israel, and in the time of the prophets, on its pale-haired willows, hung the harps of the desolate Judeans, whose lips captivity had stayed from singing.

With historic recollections, however, of the Euphrates, it is not our present intention to deal, but to note more particularly the course and sinuosities of the river itself, together with the aspect of its banks, as it rolls along its floods of huge waters through the regions of Mesopotamia.]

COURSE OF THE EUPHRATES.

Within the Pashalic of Bagdad, and indeed in its whole course, the Frats, as the natives

* Printers originally employed menials to sell their works, as the trade increased, these servants began to vend books on their own account, calling themselves booksellers; when, in a short time, the printer, instead of being the employer, became the employed, and subservient to the booksellers; so it has remained "even unto this day."

† He printed Chaucer's works there, 1532.

call the Euphrates, makes more extensive *detours* than the Tigris, but the course of the latter is more minutely serpentine than that of the Euphrates. Within the limits of this territory, the two rivers are most distant from each other between Rahaba Malek on the Euphrates, and the point where the great Zab enters the Tigris, where the distance is about 180 miles; and the nearest approach is at Bagdad, where the distance of the Tigris from the Euphrates does not exceed thirty miles. It may, indeed, be considered to enter the Pashalic at the point where it receives the Khabour; the direct distance from thence to the junction of the rivers is about 500 miles, but by the winding course of the stream it cannot be less than 800 miles; and if we add to this the 150 miles after the junction, the entire course of the Euphrates, within the Pashalic of Bagdad, will be about 950 miles. From the Khabour to its junction with the Tigris, the Euphrates receives only a few very inconsiderable streams; on one side it has the deserts, and on the other the contracted region of Aljezirah and Irak Arabi. The Khabour itself is a small river originating in the union of several little brooks; it pursues a southerly course until it is joined by the westerly course of the Hual, and the united stream then pursues that direction to the Euphrates. The utmost rise of the Euphrates, during the floods of spring, is twelve feet; that of the Tigris is greater, perhaps twenty feet. The tide extends farther up the Euphrates than the Tigris; it reaches in the former river to the distance of sixty miles from Korna, while in the Tigris, it extends to scarcely more than thirty-five miles. We may more precisely indicate the limits of the tide in both rivers, by stating that the spot is marked on the Euphrates by the tomb of a Moslem saint, called Negaib, on the western bank; and on the Tigris by the mouth of the Deweish canal. In the season of flood, a spectator placed at the point of the triangle formed by the junction of the two rivers may observe the tide flowing up the Euphrates on the one hand, while the strength of the Tigris forces it back on the other. On account of the two large cities of Mosul and Bagdad on the Tigris, the banks of that river may be considered more populous than those of the Euphrates; but the population of the latter is distributed among a greater number of towns and villages. In the whole distance between Bagdad and Korna, on the Tigris, there is only the miserable village of Koote; but the parallel distance on the Euphrates contains many villages, and some small towns.

JUNCTION OF THE EUPHRATES.

The Shatt-al-Arab is the name given to the united stream of the Euphrates and Tigris. We should perhaps prefer to call the united stream by the name of one of those rivers; but the natives never do so—perhaps from

inability to determine to which of the two streams the distinction is most due; and it also agrees with their custom of calling a river by different names in different parts of its course. Our Humber, formed by the junction of the Ouse and Trent, is a parallel instance. After the junction, the river continues the direction which the Tigris was before pursuing; and, after a course of about 150 miles, enters the Persian Gulf by a single embouchure. The Shatt-al-Arab is navigable, in mid-stream, for vessels of 500 tons burden; but towards the bank, there is such a labyrinth of channels, shallows, and sand-banks, as renders its navigation sometimes difficult and perplexing. This noble river receives from Persia, the Keriah, and the Karoon. Owing to the various branches of the Karoon, and other streams joining the Shatt-al-Arab at the sea, and at no great distance from each other, early observers were led to conclude that they were so many mouths of the Shatt-al-Arab, although in point of fact that river flows in a single stream to the sea.

BORDERS OF THE EUPHRATES.

That portion of the pashalic of Bagdad which lies to the west of the Euphrates may be dismissed very briefly. Beyond the immediate vicinity of the river, the whole territory is a desert of the most positive character—sandy, flat, without herbage, and without water. The banks of the river are, however, very fertile in many parts, and the annual overflowings of the river in its lower course, form the most productive rice-grounds in the country.

That part of the pashalic which is comprehended between the Tigris and Euphrates, is divided into Aljezirah and Irak Arabi. The former is that portion which extends from the northern limit of the pashalic to the point where the rivers approach each other near Bagdad. The whole of the interior of this region is a complete desert, generally sandy, and sometimes salt, affording only the unprofitable plants to which such a soil is congenial. The surface is less even than that of the Irak, and it is also distinguished by two small lakes, both of which are salt. The banks of the rivers, particularly on the Tigris, are in much better condition than lower down. There are more human habitations, more trees, and more cultivation.

Irak Arabi, the most fertile of countries in the time of Herodotus, is now almost a complete desert. The soil may in general be characterized as a sandy clay, in a great degree covered with the rubbish of ruined towns and canals. Of these, sufficient traces remain to afford the observer some notion of a system of irrigation which, for its extent, and the cost and labour which its establishment must have required, does not appear ever to have been equalled. The banks of the Euphrates are not so perfectly desolate as those of the Tigris, but it is only near rivers and canals that we

may expect any redeeming features in the scene. On the Euphrates, the territory of the Khezail Arabs may be described as rich and beautiful. The district is not indeed very large, but it contains rich pastures and good cultivation, with numerous villages of a good and courteous tribe.

BOTANY OF THE RIVER-BANKS.

The banks of the river are skirted to a very great extent with the tamarisk shrub, which, in some places, grows to the height of twenty or twenty-five feet, and the liquorice plant, which sometimes attains the height of ten or twelve feet. These two form the fire-wood used at Bagdad and other places. The willow and poplar also frequently appear as shrubs, but they are not so common as the former. Tradition states that the castor-oil plant once grew luxuriantly in the country, but now there is only one specimen, which grows as a tree on the site of ancient Ctesiphon. The *asclepias syriaca* is tall and abundant in some places, and it is worthy of note that its follicles are, when young, eaten as beans by the Arabs, although with us this lactescent tribe is deemed poisonous, and unfit for the food of man. The carob plant (*ceratonia siliqua*) sometimes attains the height of six or seven feet. Camel thorn (*hedysarum alhagi*) is very common, and a species of buck-thorn is seen occasionally, as well as the blackberry bush. The caper shrub is rather common; the Arabs express a sweet juice from its berries, and eat the leaves as we do spinach. Among the other plants which fringe this desolate region the most common are, a rare species of rue; *rumez*, not very common; *chenopodium mucronatum*, very abundant; *colocynthis*, the horizontal runners and gourds of which overspread large tracts of ground behind the brushwood which skirts the rivers; a beautiful species of *mesembrianthemum*; *centaurea*, very common; *lithospermum* and *heliotropis* are seen occasionally; and *lycium* and a very beautiful twining species of *solanum* are very common, particularly the former. The marshes near the river are in some parts thickly covered, in the spring, for the extent of many miles, with the blossoms of the white floating crowfoot. A species of *carex* and of *alopecurus* complete a list prepared from actual, though rather cursory observation.

Of the cultivated fruit-trees, near the towns, the date is by far the most important, as it contributes largely to the subsistence of the population. Grapes, figs, pomegranates, quinces, &c., are very good and abundant; but, apples, pears, oranges, &c., are of inferior size and quality; and cherries, gooseberries, strawberries, and currants, are unknown. Melons, cucumbers, and onions, with other *cucurbitacea* and *asphodelaea*, are most abundant and excellent; but of these, as well as of fruits and of cruciferous and leguminous plants, it may, with few exceptions, be stated, that the species which are the rarest in this

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country, are the most common on the banks of the Euphrates.

ZOOLOGY OF THE EUPHRATIC REGIONS.

The principal wild birds of these parts are black partridges, snipes, and wild doves; the lakes and marshes abound with wild geese and ducks, widgeons and pelicans. The common fowl and pigeons are the only domestic birds. There are no turkies, and the geese and ducks are not domesticated. The wild animals are gazelles, lions, jackals, hogs, and hares. The lions are not numerous, and their haunts are chiefly among the ruins and sepulchral barrows. The jackals are more abundant and troublesome, and when they find an opportunity, enter the towns and villages during the night. The domestic animals are horses, asses, mules, buffaloes, single-humped camels, and dromedaries. The horse of the country is a most beautiful animal. As beef is not an article of food, oxen are not reared for slaughter; but they are much employed in agricultural labour.

BYRON AND ZULEIKA.

Translated for "The Mirror" from the French of Benedict Galles.

I.

At some distance from the village of Oveido, which is supposed to occupy the site of the ancient town of Abydos, made illustrious among the poets by the history of Leander and his beautiful Hero, and the stormy Hellespont, there might have been seen, in 1810, the cabin of a fisherman, at whose base broke the waves of the great sea. Fragmentary ruins—foundations half-buried under mosses and stone blocks—and several fluted columns, which aided some pious peasant Turks in the erection of their tents, were all that remained of this once poetic city, so loftily chanted of by Ovid.

Merrily over these regions had broken the month of May. Bending on the sands, a young man was taking from his net the abundant produce of a full draught, and who turned his head from time to time to exchange smiles with his wife, embroidering a vest of red wool upon the threshold of her little domicile.

To have beheld their serene figure, sparkling with youth and hope, it was easy to divine that these poor people contented themselves with their humble destiny, and love, while imbuing them with resignation, had surrounded their poverty with charms.

On a sudden, however, the sea, starting out of its immobility, cast upon the beach a man half naked, and whose strength seemed vanquished. He resumed his feet only by painful efforts, and shaking his long black locks all whitened with foam, he endeavoured to advance, but his countenance paled, and he fell senseless to the earth.

The fisherman, who had seen him, precipi-

tately ran towards him; he supported his head, felt his heart to ascertain if it yet beat, and carried him to his cabin.

He was a man of about thirty years of age; whose symmetry was perfect, except an almost imperceptible disproportion which an attentive examination alone made discoverable in the length of his limbs, and the conformation of his feet. A fine energy and haughty expression appeared in his brow, and lines of scorn sat on his lips. The contour of his mouth and chin were characterized by the delicacy of Greek beauty; his front was lofty, and his temples large.

Thanks to the care of his attendants, the stranger by degrees recovered; he opened his eyes, and wondered with astonishment that he was escaped from the bitterness of misfortune; he seemed endeavouring to call to recollection some half-effaced memories, and murmured with a light English accent, as he contemplated a medallion that hung on his chest:—

"—Ada dear and unhappy child!—and nothing of her save a lock of hair—*souvenir* sent by an unknown hand to a traveller without family or country!"

"—Incorrigible generation!" continued he, with a scowl of pride: stupid wise who deny the love of Hero! What will you say when you learn that a poet has swam the Hellespont to convince you of ignorance, and re-established a contested truth!"

Then turning himself to the fisher:—"What nation are you of?" said he.

"I was born here, at Oveido."

"You are a Turk, then," said the stranger, as he lowered his eyebrow; "sad country! where despotism grinds servitude to the dust!"

The fisherman looked at him attentively for some minutes, as if he had not comprehended his meaning; at length:—"The tiger," answered he, on reflection, "is the tyrant and terror of the forest; but the sparrow lives and dies unknown. Alone on these solitary shores, I know neither power or remorse. The world, for me, commences at this tent and finishes at these ruins. Stranger, here are all my riches!"

And he pointed to his charming wife, whose countenance shone with purity and candour.

II.

A week had passed before the stranger, entirely freed from his fatigues, talked of leaving the cabin. His errant life, his troubles, the publicity which England had attached to his faults and his misfortunes, seemed to be effaced from his remembrance. Always a slave to his caprices, he willingly supposed that the frigate, the *Salsete*, awaited him in the Dardanelle Straits, and his melancholy genius could not snatch himself away from the grandeur of nature, whose sounds of winds and of waves are eternal. Perhaps, also, the beauty and the peculiar graces of Zuleika had

then obtained in his heart more of the ascendant than even he himself thought.

One morning, however, the stranger sought the fisherman on the shore; his countenance was care-worn, and his voice had lost that suavity which always gave it an irresistible charm:—"Unroll your sail, Marcos," said he, "I am going."

As he spoke these words he threw a furtive glance on Zuleika, to see if there were in her features any expression of sufferance or regret, but the young girl appeared untroubled, and her cheeks preserved the brilliant colour which always warmed them.

"—Ah! what, do you leave us already?" said she.

The traveller, who waited only for a sign of sympathy to delay his departure, and to add a new victory to the dolorous trophies which he had already conquered in his pride, could scarcely conceal the despondency and disappointment which the indifference of Zuleika gave him.

During the passage he remained silent, his eyes fixed upon the spot he was leaving, and where he had found one whom he was incapable of inspiring with a sentiment. However, the majestic serenity of the Hellespont; the distant view of the Dardanelles, those two keys of Constantinople which the Turks poetically call BOGHASE ISSARTI, and which are always embattled by the waves; all these grand aspects of nature, which call so powerfully on ardent and strong imaginations, drove away by degrees the melancholy to which he was a prey; and when the fisher's boat touched the sides of the frigate, no sombre thought any longer saddened the front of the poet.

Great was the joy on board the *Salsete*, on again receiving the celebrated traveller, in whom our readers have easily recognized Byron. Lieutenant Ekenhead, who had partaken the perils of his adventurous expedition, and Captain Bathurst, received him with the most lively demonstrations of friendship; but the Poet contented himself by shaking their hands; and ordering one of his trunks to be opened, he drew thereout a rich and magnificent stuff, which he offered to Marcos.

"—Zuleika has no need of this to be beautiful," murmured he; "but this gift will serve to recal to your remembrance an unknown traveller: for myself, I shall never forget the fishers of Oveido."

The sea was calm, the heavens clear and transparent, and everything presaged to the little skiff a happy return, if a cloud, no bigger than a man's hand in the horizon, had not appeared to augur ill to the sailors of the frigate. Byron visibly partook of these fears, for he was observed to establish himself on the poop with his glass in his hand. In truth, the cloud increased with frightful rapidity; soon lurid clouds furrowed the heavens, the wind bellowed with violence, the waves boiled, and their blue sides formed as it were the walls of mountains, upon which the frail fisher's boat

seemed suspended. Indifferent to the danger which menaced himself thus exposed, the Poet, who knew alone that another drama was about to be acted on the beach, followed with anxiety the desperate efforts of the fisher. It was a fine but terrible contest; but it did not last a minute. A strong side-wave made the boat whirl, so that many times it turned upon itself, and was at last buried in the waves. At the moment of the boat's disappearance, Byron, deceived without doubt by his imagination, thought he heard, across the tempest which he stood over, a cry, so bitter, so desolate, that he could not doubt but that it sprang from the bereaved Zuleika.

"—Evermore sorrow! evermore grief!" cried he.

After the lapse of some few minutes the tempest being appeased, the captain caused a hook to be let down into the sea, to recover the body of the fisher. On his part, Byron, dreading to feel the force or contemplate the despair of Zuleika, called his servant, the same who, on viewing one of the bas-reliefs of the Parthenon, cried out some few months later, "What a beautiful design for a chimney-piece that would make, my Lord!" He gave him a purse of 200 piastres, and enjoined him to put it into the hands of the poor widow.

Three hours after, the messenger returned to the vessel. Fletcher returned to his master the purse which he had not opened, with these mysterious words from Zuleika: "What want have I of gold! When the heart ceases to beat, life expires."

III.

Two days had elapsed since the shipwreck of the fisher. Zuleika was seated on the floor of her cabin. One of her arms rested on her knees and supported her head, while with the other hand she mechanically counted the beads of her colomboño, or rosary. Her features, delicately pale, appeared as serene as in the days of her happiness, if something feverish had not made her eyes glisten with a strange lustre, and if a large bluish circle, appearing around her eyelids, had not made revelation of sad, sleepless nights.

While in this pensive and silent mood, a skiff approached the shore. The cadenced sound of the well-balanced oars caught the ears of Zuleika. She raised her head, and the light of an indefinable satisfaction lit up her countenance as she recognized the Poet.

"Welcome!" she said, on extending towards him her hand.

Byron gazed on her with profound surprise, his face became clouded, and he murmured almost involuntarily, "—All women are alike . . . Married yesterday, they become widowless to-day, and not a sigh—not a tear . . ."

Zuleika had listened with an ironic attention.

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rupted she, shaking contemptuously her head. "Oh no, milord! I must desire you, for a last time, to return to the happiness you merit, and which you appear not to have obtained. And now adieu!"

"Where do you mean to go, then, Zuleika?"

"Here—there—anywhere; perhaps where I shall not find so many torturing recollections—images of vanished joys—"

"And do you not quit your home with pain?"

"Yes, with pain!"

"For long?"

"For ever!"

And, so saying, Zuleika bounded gracefully over the rocks, and lost herself in their windings, and among the ruins which border the waters at Sestos. Byron, surprised at this sudden flight, rushed after her, and hastened only to see her on her knees upon the edge of a precipice.

The mournful solitude of this savage place, which so astonishingly contrasted with the laughing and rich country which enveloped it; the romantic attitude of Zuleika, enveloped by her long hair-tresses, swollen by the wind; the remote rollings of the turbid sea; all kinds of exterior circumstances united to offer to eye and to thought one of those pictures which cannot be portrayed by painter or described by poet. The young Englishman was struck by the scene, which recalled to his mind the sombre aspects of Morven and Loch-na-garr; then, kneeling before the wife of the fisher:—"Pardon me," said he, "if I insult thy tears; but who can help adoring, seeing you thus. Women are so beautiful when they pray!"

Zuleika appeared neither surprised nor hurt by the words; only, by a mechanical movement, and one which she seemed to make involuntarily, she approached the opening of the precipice, and a sigh of sorrow broke upon her lips:—"I was proud of my charms, because they were the glory of Maroon; but to-day —"

"The past is for Allah," interrupted the Poet; your heart will revive in a new love; happiness is not dead to you —"

Zuleika shook her head, and raising herself with dignity:—"My happiness is buried there," said she, pointing to the sea. Then, gazing upon heaven:—"I shall find it again there on high!"

At these words she drew to the edge of the abyss, pronounced a last word, which was unheard, and disappeared.

Lord Byron, the same evening, went on board the *Salsete*, which was destined to conduct him to Constantinople. The passengers on board appeared to remark some sinister influence upon him: it was this sorrowful drama of which he had been both actor and witness; and sad, indeed, were its effects on the spirit of one who had shunned the world, in whose

bosom he had been born, to write on the tomb of a Newfoundland dog, companion of his voyages and dangers:—

"This monument covers a friend: I never had but one, and it is here that he reposes."

THE ADVANTAGES OF THE MIND BEING FAMILIARIZED WITH DIVINE TRUTH.

[THE following expressive passage is extracted from a luminous Address, delivered by Sir ROBERT PEEL, on the Establishment of a Library and Reading Room at Tamworth, Jan. 19, 1841. After expatiating on the great advantages of scientific knowledge, the brilliant orator thus forcibly concluded his harangue:—]

"I never can think it possible," said the Right Honourable Baronet, "that a mind can be so constituted, that, after being familiarized with the great truth of observing in every object of contemplation that nature presents the manifest proofs of a Divine intelligence—if you range even from the organization of the meanest weed you trample upon, or of the insect that lives but for an hour, up to the magnificent structure of the heavens, and the still more wonderful phenomena of the soul, and reason, and conscience of man—I cannot believe that any man, accustomed to such contemplations, can retire from them with any other feelings than those of enlarged conceptions of the Divine power, and greater reverence for the name of the Almighty Creator of the Universe. We believe, on the contrary, that the man accustomed to such contemplations will feel the moral dignity of his own nature exalted; and, struck with awe by the manifold proofs of infinite power and infinite wisdom, will yield more ready and hearty assent—yes, the assent of the heart, and not only of the understanding—to the pious exclamation, "Oh, Lord, how glorious are Thy works; Thy thoughts are very deep. An unwise man doth not consider, and a fool doth not understand." It is the unwise man, and the fool, that form unworthy conceptions of the Divine nature and the Divine power. Far different were the impressions of those mighty spirits who have the most considered this, and have made the greatest (however imperfect) advances towards the understanding of it. These are the thoughts with which Sir Isaac Newton concludes his profound speculations into the material causes which produce, and into the laws which regulate the motions of the heavens; he says, "This beautiful system of sun, planets, and comets, can have its origin in no other way than by the purpose and command of an intelligent and powerful Being. He governs all things, not as the Sovereign of this world, but as the Lord of the Universe. He is not only God, but Lord or Governor. We know him only by his properties and attributes—by the wise and admirable structure of things around us. We admire Him on account of His perfections—we venerate

rate and worship Him on account of His government." These are the thoughts from which Sir Humphry Davy, in his last illness, derived, according to his own expression, pleasure and consolation, when every other source of pleasure and consolation had failed him. He is speaking of the moral and intellectual qualities of the true scientific inquirer into natural philosophy. He says—"His mind should always be awake to devotional feeling; and in contemplating the variety and beauty of the external world, and, developing its scientific wonders, he will always refer to that Infinite Wisdom through whose beneficence he is permitted to enjoy knowledge. In becoming wiser, he will become better; he will rise at once in the scale of intellectual and moral existence; his increased sagacity will be subservient to a more exalted faith; and, in proportion as the veil becomes thinner through which he sees the causes of things, he will admire more the brightness of the Divine light by which they are rendered perceptible." That (said the Right Hon. Baronet) is my belief. My belief and hope are, that an increased sagacity will administer to an exalted faith—that it will make men not merely believe in the cold doctrines of natural religion, but that it will so prepare and temper the spirit and understanding, that they will be better qualified to comprehend the great scheme of human redemption. My firm belief is, that that superior sagacity which is most conversant with the course and constitution of nature, which sees the wonderful preparations that are made for the subsistence and enjoyment of the meanest animal, will be the first to believe that that Almighty Being, who has made such preparation for mere physical enjoyments, has not left in neglect and indifference the immortal soul of man. Knowing the difficulties that attend every object which we can see; observing the gradual system of progression and change; and that one course of existence is made preparatory for another, I am sanguine enough to believe, that that superior sagacity will be the first to turn a deaf ear to objections and presumptions against revealed religion, will be the first to acknowledge the complete harmony of the Christian dispensation with all that reason, assisted by revelation, tells us of the course and constitution of nature. These are serious and solemn subjects, but I hope not unfitted for an occasion when we contemplate an institution of this nature."

The Batherer.

Bishop Atterbury was in the habit of calling the instruments of his advancement *scarfolding*.

The Builder of St. Paul's.—The salary of Sir Christopher Wren, for building St. Paul's, was three hundred a-year!! Brilliant as this metropolitan structure is, it is nothing compared to a *Wren's nest*.

Demosthenes and Demades.—Demosthenes left corrected copies of all his best speeches. Demades left none. For aught we know to the contrary, therefore, Theophrastus might have been quite right in saying, as reported in Plutarch, that Demosthenes was worthy of Athens, and Demades above it.

The Townley Marbles.—The finest thing among these marbles is the Bacchus; so beautiful, self-possessed, and severe. This is Bacchus, the mighty conqueror of India; he is not a drunken boy. He is the power, not the victim of wine.

The earliest pastoral poets, were the sweetest, the purest, and the best; and all subsequent *Sheep-singers*, from Virgil down, through Spenser and Gay, to the Ettrick Shepherd and Clare, have been but indifferent performers upon the pastoral pipe.

Necessity tempts the poor man. Avarice tempts the rich.

Statues.—The monument to the late Bishop Butler is to be executed by Sir Francis Chantrey, who last week visited Shrewsbury, to select a site for it in St. Mary's church. The subscription for Lord Holland's monument already exceeds £5,000.

It is not the monkey that plays the man, but it is the man that plays the monkey.

Endymion.

A lovely youth there sits, with moon-bright hair,
Alone on Latmos' top; his shoulder white
Uncovered, and his perfect form laid bare
To the descending of the insatiate light.

Hatfield, the Lunatic, who fired a loaded pistol, in Drury-lane Theatre, at George the Third, May 15, 1800, and acquitted on the ground of his insanity, died, at Bethlem Hospital, on Saturday, the 23d inst., aged 69.

Necrology.—Bertrand Barrere, the Revolutionist, lately died at Tarbes, in France, aged 85. This eloquent orator of the Convention, whose pretty periods sent so many to the scaffold, was, for his perfection in the kind of pastoral, surnamed "the Anacreon of the Guillotine."

Mr. Frank Hall Standish, who died a week or two since, has bequeathed his collection of pictures—said to be extraordinarily rich in Murillos—to the King of the French.

Lofty and pure sentiment is the life and hope of a people. — *Channing*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Accepted: "Greces," by F.—Three Sonnets by J. A. Gibson.—"The Soldier Knight and his Lady-Love," has been received, with several others which merit our earliest attention.

We beg to decline:—"The Silver Cord," by L. M.—"Lines," by R. J. L.—"The Tree," by J. E.—"The Farmer," from the *Gleaner of Tidings*—"The Fisherman," by Faust—"The Carrier Do's."

Mr. Duff's communication lies for him at the Office.

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